

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

R. P. WARING, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 49.

ADDRESS

Of the Board of Managers of the Washington National Monument Society, to the people of the United States:

FELLOW CITIZENS: We address you on behalf of the Washington National Monument Association, and submit for your consideration the following report of what has been done:

The corner-stone was laid on the 4th of July, 1848. At that time there was in the treasury of the Association the sum of \$62,450.66.

The work has gone on with varied progress, until the sum of \$230,000, the product of voluntary contributions alone, has been expended in its erection.

The original estimate of the cost of the whole work, the shaft, the base, and the ornamental part, exceeded \$1,222,000.

The base, built of the blue stone of the Potomac, solid and indestructible, is sunk eight feet below the surface, and rises seventeen and a half feet above the surface of the surrounding earth. It is fifty-five feet square at its top. From this springs the shaft, with walls of blue stone fifteen feet thick, faced with white marble fourteen inches thick, in courses two feet in height, tied and bounded into the blue stone at every course. In its ascent it diminishes gradually and regularly in the exterior line.

The interior is carried up a straight, undeviating chamber. Within and set into the solid wall of this interior, according to the taste of the architect, have been placed, and are yet to be placed, the stones contributed by States, communities, and associations.

This naked shaft, thus rigidly cut, thus firmly based, thus indissolubly bonded, now rises in its simple and grand proportions one hundred and fifty-two and a half feet above the blue stone base. It is already one of the first objects which meet the eye of the traveller as he passes through the hills by which the city is hemmed in, and he starts to find the immense machinery on its top designed for lifting stone still idle, and anxiously enquires the cause.

Fellow-Countrymen: We are pained to say, it is your neglect. When the scattered and subdued Polish nation, and the friends of liberty in Europe, began to erect a monument to Kosciuszko, they made it a labor of love, and from every valley and mountain, and plain and running stream, far and near, they brought stones and piled and heaped them into a vast pyramidal mound, to testify that love. And now, after the lapse of thirty years, and the convulsions which have shaken the unhappy country, pilgrim hands still swell that pile with constant contributions.

We are erecting a Monument to one greater than Kosciuszko; to him who in history or myth is known among every kindred and nation of the earth; who laid the foundations, gave the proportions, and superintended the structure of that government which, with miraculous speed, has risen to the front rank among the nations; and we call upon you for aid. Men well known to you, have given to it long years of carefulness and labor.—They have been urgent and pressing in their calls for help, and you have to a certain extent, responded to their call. It was not their work, it was yours; they were your stewards, giving their time, and care, and labor, and money, in the same cause with you.

But they have failed; not for lack of energy, or zeal on their part, but from want of that action and sympathy on yours which was essential to success. You, the people of this broad and happy land; you, the children of Washington; you, to whom he has left the priceless bequest of his services, and his love; have held back the contribution needed from each to erect to his memory a suitable Monument in the National Metropolis.—While thousands have answered promptly the appeal to their patriotism, and contributed the amount already received and expended, the far greater number, either from apathy or want of opportunity, have failed to join in this work of grateful duty. This failure compelled our predecessors to arrest the prosecution of the work, and to appeal to Congress for assistance.

Fellow-Countrymen: This is not a suitable object of legislative provision. A free, a prosperous, a thriving people, will not allow a debt of love and gratitude, due by every individual heart, to be discharged by an act of Congress!

A new Board of Managers have now been appointed. We come into office under favorable auspices, and with well founded hopes of means to prosecute the work. Since our election, on the 22d February last, we have not been idle. Our arrangements have been begun, and are in progress. We appeal to the people. We wish no legislative aid. We look to free hearts; we call upon all; not the liberal and the generous alone. We call upon each man who this day walks erect in all the panoply of freedom in this broad land, who is not dead to the common impulses of humanity; who is worthy in the least degree of the countless and diversified blessings by which he is surrounded, he call upon men everywhere to contribute each his mite. A great and mighty people of twenty-five millions, cannot be so dead to the sensations which are innate in every breast at the bare naming of such a benefactor, as to refuse or neglect to give their aid in such a cause.

Let every man, then, who feels his heart beat with American pulsations, and every man who reveres the name of Washington, singly or in companies, communicate directly with our Secretary and send in his contribution to our Treasurer, or suggest a mode for its collection.

By order of the Board:

CHAS. C. FICKER, Sec'y.

The following are the present Officers and Managers of the Society, all of whom, except the President and Second Vice President, were elected on the 22d of February last, to wit:

FRANK PIERCE, P. U. S. and ex-officio P. VESPAIAN ELLIS, 1st Vice President.

J. T. TOWERS, M. W. and ex-officio 2d V. P. GEORGE H. PLATT, 3d Vice President.

JOHN M. McALLA, Treasurer.

CHAS. C. FICKER, Secretary.

MANAGERS.—Henry Addison, Charles R. Bell, French E. Evans, Charles W. Davis, Samuel E. Douglas, Thomas D. Sandy, Joseph H. Bradley, Samuel C. Brusey, James Gordon, Robert T. Knight, Joseph Libby, Sr., Thomas A. Brooke, John N. Craig.

P. S.—Editors friendly to the cause are requested to insert the above address.

Washington, D. C., May, 1855.

From the Western (Illinois) Patriot.

Nebraska as it is.

Most of our readers are aware that we have just returned from a trip in the Territory of Nebraska, and it is of course expected that we shall give a few "notes by the way," for the information of those who feel interested in the new territory.

As the point to which we intended to proceed lay about 270 miles west, and 80 to 90 north of Quincy, Illinois, we took the overland route through the southern part of Iowa, a State which, from her agricultural and other advantages, must eventually occupy a prominent place in the Union, as unmistakable evidence of her enterprise met our view in the shape of grading the railroad line in different sections, as far as 100 miles into the interior, and from the information we could gather there is a determined effort being made to carry the line from the Mississippi, through to Council Bluffs; which will bring under the plow thousands of acres of prairie land in Western Iowa. This will be the great thoroughfare also to the rich and fertile region we are now about to enter in the list for all who are seeking new homes on a new country. We predict that but few years will elapse ere the iron horse will snort over the Far West through the interior of Nebraska, and the abundance of her productions will make the trembling thousands of the Eastern manufacturing States rejoice that a scarcity of provisions can no longer be anticipated.

Arrived at Omaha, the present capital of the Nebraska territory, on the western bank of the Missouri, and opposite the Council Bluffs city, we saw a few words in relation to its progress before we pursue our journey. About last September, the town site of Omaha was laid out, staked and marked on the sod, and also on paper, and one sod hut made its appearance as an omen of good or evil for the habitation of the white man. After this came forth log, frame and brick buildings, until, as we found, some 150 or more were scattered over the various streets of the new 'City of Omaha.'

Our attention was now directed to the road to Fontenelle, some 40 miles northwest. We had no difficulty in discovering an old California trail, which took a circuitous route on the prairie ridge through rather a hilly country for ten or twelve miles, when the face of the earth appeared more undulating. Stakes of claims and cabins of settlers were here everywhere visible. Here we travelled over a prairie country, with here and there a grove of trees to be seen on the branches and rivulets that meander through the space, and now supply the emigrants with fuel, and water of the purest crystal fed by springs, at their encamping grounds.

Thus we travelled until we reached Fontenelle, Dodge county. Our readers are aware that this is the name of the city located by the "Quincy Colonization Company," in Dodge county. The claim as shown in the territorial records of Nebraska, is about 40 or 50,000 acres, running about 10 miles from north to south on the Elkhorn river, and taking in all the timber on said river, and about 5 miles from east to west. It is estimated to contain about 1,000 acres of timber suitable for building purposes, and an unlimited amount of fuel. Its soil is evidently of richest description, and in every part of the country springs and brooks abound.

Dodge county, Nebraska, is second to none in the territory—her natural advantages are such that she is destined to become, at no distant day, a nucleus for commerce, and the advantage she derives from the abundance of water power with which she is supplied, may be the means of drawing considerable manufactures within her borders, to supply the interior of the territory, for it is a fact that if richness of soil will enhance settlements, there will be a broad expanse of farming operations commencing in this and adjoining counties that will justify the settlements of a large class of mechanics. The following extract from a letter from Fontenelle will show some of its advantages:

"This town is elevated about 150 feet above the natural surface of the Elkhorn River, which winds its way upon its gravelly bottom, around this prairie city, in the shape of a half moon, which, while you stand upon this pedestal town, turning yourself to the right and to the left, you can view the meandering course of this river for fifty miles, and the beautiful scenery beyond description, with here and there a smaller stream, flowing into this prairie father of waters, and these streams are all well skirted with timber, which will afford ample supplies for all present purposes. There is far more timber than I had any expectation of finding here. We travelled from point to point, and every point seemed to be the most beautiful, and at last you become confounded, and cannot determine on which place to locate a farm; there are ten thousand acres in this neighborhood that there is but little choice in, and just here I would say—there is no power given to man to exaggerate or extol the beauties of this country, beyond its just merit—and as to the navigation of this river there is no doubt—and when you spread out the map before you, you will at once perceive that Fontenelle will be the great centre city of the United States. The mineral resources of this territory are but very slightly investigated as yet, although coal has been discovered on the south as well as the north side of the Platte River, which is a part boundary of Dodge county—these coal mines will do away with the objection that vast forests are indispensable, in giving the quickening energies, the enterprise and the agriculture, as well as the mechanical arts. God has so equalized this world in His providence, that these vast prairies are not without all things necessary to give zest to the fertilizing of the garden soil of the world. In this territory there is the most desirable building rock, which will receive a polish equaling the Italian marble. In Butte county, there is the beautiful red sand stone, and as it is exposed to the atmosphere it becomes hard, and can be worked admirably into fine dwellings. I found on the bank of the Elkhorn river a very fine specimen of iron ore, and copper has been found in its vicinity. There has been a salt spring discovered in Salem county—which promises great reward to those who work it; a charter has been granted by the Legislature to a company for that purpose. Specimens of rock salt, equal to Turk's Island, has been obtained from this vicinity. And there is not enough, in the first touch of this infant territory, to induce us to believe God had abundantly supplied all things needful, to make a great and independent State. The water is abundant and of the purest kind, wherever it is found it is pure and fit for use; there are no stagnant pools or swamps to be found."

The land throughout Dodge county is beautifully undulated—not broken, but sufficiently rolling for cultivation, and every hollow or valley having a small rivulet running with crystal waters, fed from the many springs which emanate in the prairie.

The town site, as before stated, occupies a most elevated and commanding position, and its proximity to the beautiful serpentine windings of that crystal stream, "The Elkhorn," with its diversified scenery of groves and bluff intermingling along its banks, north and south, as far as the eye can see, and the immense green plain of the Platte Valley westward, with here and there a California, Oregon or Utah train, wending its way along the extensive expanse of sword, until imagination may picture it as a sail on the great ocean deep—leads us to exclaim, after due deliberation, this is indeed one of those locations that may be termed a master piece of nature, where God has smiled in nature's lovely garb.

Near the summit of a gradual slope which extends half or three-fourths of a mile east from the bank of the river, commences the town lots, and the great California road will pass through the centre of the city, in a direct line for the north end of the Platte.

Among other improvements connected with this settlement, an order was given by the Marshal of the territory for a Court House, to be built this fall, and court to be held in October next. Two brick yards are being commenced, and we expect more orders have been received than can be executed this season. Everything in and around town bears the impress of energetic and determined efforts of progress, perhaps more so than any other settlement in the territory of Nebraska.

The Piety of the Philadelphia Platform.

After ten-days of toil and trouble, of strife and agony, of sectional struggle and personal controversy, of low intrigue and furious controversy—after every argument of persuasion and of compulsion had been exhausted in the vain attempt to establish harmony of feeling and uniformity of opinion—after schism had torn the body in pieces and destroyed its power and respectability—the *Know Nothing* Council in Philadelphia promulgated a platform, in which their maxims of morality and their principles of public policy, are expounded with the painful precision of a logical deduction, and the copious detail of a criminal indictment.

This *Know Nothing* platform is a wonderful production. There was never anything like it before, and we are quite sure there will never be anything like it again. It is equally original and inimitable. The genius that conceived it should avow its paternity, and enjoy the applause of an admiring nation. The person that could combine so much of political wisdom and pious precept, must surely illustrate in his own life all the virtues of the Christian and all the accomplishments of the statesman. Who is he?

In this country, the State and the Church are distinct and independent. The interests of religion have never been confounded with matters of public policy. No party has ventured to incorporate a confession of religious faith in a platform of political principle, until *Know Nothingism* began its desperate experiment upon the public virtue and the popular intelligence. The first article of the Philadelphia platform affirms the existence of Deity and the agency of a special Providence, and the *Know Nothing* recognizes the authority of the scriptures. This is the *Know Nothing* Confession of Faith. Is it to be understood to exclude the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus? It evades the issue at least, and for the simple reason that the grand champion of the Order is a disciple of Socinianism, and the majority of its members in the North belong to the Unitarian communion. The party that ignores the second attribute of the Godhead may raise recruits in Massachusetts, but will find no favor among the Christian people of the Southern States.

But all this pretence of regard for the interests of religion is the merest cant and the most shameful hypocrisy. A party that numbers not righteous men enough in its ranks to save it from the fate of Sodom, to set up as the special patron of the Protestant religion! A party whose piety is illustrated by the prodigality of a Hiss, to affect an exclusive concern for the public morals! Joseph Surface abounded as much in virtuous sentiment as in vicious conduct, but the veil of affected honesty could not conceal the hideous deformity of his real character. The morality of *Know Nothingism* is the morality of the villain in the play, and the soundest platform even would fail to cover up the essential corruption and evil of its nature. Indeed, its professions of purity only serve to expose its criminal conduct in the strong light of contrast. The protest in this Philadelphia platform against the selfishness and vanity of politicians, its professions of regard for the public interests, and its promise to restore an era of primity from the shameful excesses of its Massachusetts members, and for the indecent disclosures in the Legislature of Pennsylvania. There is as much modesty in the painted blush of the prostitute, as there is of sincerity of conviction and honesty of purpose in the pure and patriotic professions of the *Know Nothing* platform. The people will not be deceived by such vain pretences and idle mockery of political integrity. They have had these pledges before, and they have seen in this very party the most flagrant corruption of private morals and violation of public virtue.

The Philadelphia platform is as obnoxious in its political principles as in its religious professions; and the party exhibits as little of wisdom in its policy, as of virtue in its conduct. This accusation we will make good in another article by a critical scrutiny of the several provisions of the platform.

ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY.—There is a sign projecting from the door of a manumaker's shop in Troy, the concluding portion of which reads thus: "N. B.—Dresses made lower than ever."

Scene with the Queen of Spain in the Palace at Madrid.

We translate the following interesting account of the late extraordinary political movement in Madrid, from the *Courier de Bordeaux*:

After a long discussion, the law that Signor Madoz had proposed to the Cortes, to obtain an authorization to sell the properties of the State, of the clergy, of the establishments and corporations of charity, and of public instruction, was adopted in the sitting of the 27th of April; scarcely a dozen deputies opposed it, while there were 108 votes in its favor. As soon as this result was made known, Madoz exclaimed: "The revolution of July has made a gigantic step!" The project of the law had been the subject of a protestation from the court of Rome. At the beginning of the month of March, the representative of that court, Monsiegnor Frenchi, had presented this official protestation to Signor Luzzuriga, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had replied that the government was very decided not to make any attempt on the interests of the clergy, and to respect the stipulations of the compact of 1851. Still later, another protestation was deposited with Signor Luzzuriga, and communicated to the Queen. The court of Rome, basing itself precisely on the same compact, sustained that the government of Spain, from which it did not separate the Cortes, has not the power to make any attempt on the right of property of the clergy, supported by a diplomatic convention, authorized previously by a constitutional law, voted by the Cortes and sanctioned by the Queen. These steps of Monsiegnor Frenchi were supported, we are told, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, recently arrived from Rome, and bringing the latest instructions of the Pope. The representations of this prelate easily alarmed the religious scruples of the Queen and the King. Signor Madoz expected it, and he had told his colleagues, Marshals Espatero and O'Donnell, that when they should ask the sanction of the law just voted, they would find a resistance in the Queen which would require great efforts to vanquish; and as Signor Madoz noticed especially the influence of the Archbishop of Toledo, Marshal O'Donnell replied: "If the cardinal persists in creating difficulties, we will send him to the Philippine Islands."

On Saturday, the 28th April, two processions left Madrid at the same hour for the royal residence of Aranjuez—one conducted the Marshal Duke of Victoria, President of the Council of Ministers, who was to present to the Queen the law determined not to return to Madrid without having obtained the royal sanction; the other procession conducted the Monsiegnor Frenchi, who was to communicate to the Minister, Luzzuriga, the orders which he had received from the Holy See, and to demand his passport in case the law should be promulgated. The Marshal had first a conference with the King, and the loud sounds of his voice struck the ears of the chamberlains and officers in attendance waiting the close of these painful discussions. The Queen had answered by a refusal.

"I must declare to you, madam," said the Marshal, "that your refusal may have the most fatal consequences, both for public peace and your own person. You know with what facility barricades are made in the streets of Madrid; the population is already exceedingly irritated and discontented; soon they will be pushed to the last extremities, and believe me, the most energetic resolutions, if put in force the next morning, will be of no avail."

"I reproach myself," said the Queen, "for having consented to the presentation of this law, which troubles my conscience, for it is a violation of a treaty that I made with the Pope; and I am resolved not to give it my sanction, being convinced that there will result from it great evils to Spain." The Marshal having repeated the difficulties which the ministers would have by a refusal, and the impossibility for them, in that case, to keep their portfolios, the Queen replied that they had found her docile even in painful positions, and that she could not believe they would abandon her in the situation they had placed her in, when she would be without counselors and without defenders.

"Well, then, sign," said the Marshal.

"No," replied the Queen, "I cannot sign this great iniquity."

The Marshal then went to the King, to whom he recalled the services which he had rendered to the Queen and to the throne since the revolution. "I know not," observed the King, "if it would have been better to have lost both crown and throne, rather than have kept them as you have made them." The Marshal not having succeeded, returned to Madrid.

In the evening the ministers were convoked, and it was decided they should resign *en masse*, if the Queen still refused her sanction to the law.—The next day the ministers arrived early at Aranjuez; and Marshal O'Donnell, being the first to enter into the chamber of the Queen, said to her, "Madam, I fear that you are under illusion as to your situation. You are ignorant that, if you persist in your refusal, the Assembly will constitute itself a national convention; it will declare your fall from the throne, and banish you from Spain. If you push us there, we will renounce that constitutional royalty for which we have made so many sacrifices, and we will proclaim a republic. Spain will not be the more unhappy from it; but we shall retain your daughter, she belongs to the nation, and might serve as a hostage to answer for you."

These menaces, uttered with great energy, by a man who is not always master of himself, produced the most profound distress in the mind of the Queen, and appeared to freeze her courage. Her strength was exhausted. She only answered with tears for some time. "I hesitate no longer," cried she, with pain. "I will do that for the interest of myself. I will sign, if you promise me not to take her from me; but I protest, with all the strength of my soul, against your violence; and I hope that God will make fall upon your head, and that of you colleagues, the responsibility of my weakness."

At this moment the Grand Chamberlain and the ladies of the Queen, preceded by the young Princess of Asturias, entered. The child threw herself into the arms of her mother, and the ladies knelt at her feet, entreating her to put an end to this contention, and no longer to compromise the safety of her person and the destinies of the dynasty.

"Hasten, madam," said Marshal O'Donnell, "here are the ministers, who are tired of waiting." The ministers entered, and those deputies who formed the bureau of the Assembly. One of the ministers put the pen into the hand of the Queen, and the law was sanctioned.

While this was passing at Aranjuez, Madrid was assuming a revolutionary aspect. The garrison had been consigned to their barracks; numerous groups of people formed in the streets, and those members of the Assembly who were known for their advanced opinions, met in one of the rooms of the palace, where they proposed measures most *anarchique*. They demanded a decree that should proclaim the national convention and the vacancy of the throne; and were precluding these acts, by a singular coincidence, just at the moment that O'Donnell was menacing the Queen.

At the same time, the chiefs of the militia were agitating similar questions, and were preparing to second the undertaking of the Assembly against the Queen. Many of the people, however, were guilty assisting at the bull-fight and applauding the death of the *banderillo* Oliva, known through all the city by the part he took, in the days of July, in the murder of Mr. F. Chico, chief of the municipal police, and of his servant. Oliva was the faithful companion of another *banderillo*, who became famous under the name of Cucheta.

We have made a point of giving this recital, (says the *Courier de Bordeaux*), not only because we have good reason to believe in its correctness, but especially because it presents the picture of the fate of the Queen, from which we cannot separate that of Spain. The circumstance which gave rise to these deplorable scenes is not the thing which touches us the most; whatever interest may be attached to the project of law of Signor Madoz, and its natural consequences, this interest fades before that which we feel for the person of the Queen and the principle of monarchism in her person. Royalty is a fundamental institution in Spain, and we are convinced it is necessary, nay, indispensable, to the prosperity and the greatness of that noble country. But it is on condition that the royal person shall be surrounded with regard and consideration, and that its independence should not cease to be respected. It is, unhappily, too true that the majesty of the Queen has been insulted and its independence has been violated. This conduct is very culpable, and it is still more awkward and uncivil. What can be expected from such excesses? Without doubt they have obtained the sanction of the law on which they have found great hopes; but may we not fear that the constraint exercised upon the Queen will weaken the moral authority of the law?—Signor Madoz will soon learn, perhaps, that he has frightened and sent away from the seat of the national property those capitals of which he is greatly in want, and which an intelligent and moderate policy would have encouraged and drawn towards him.

Blackberry Wine.

We extract the following recipe from the *Newberry Mirror*:

POMARIA, June 11, 1855.
Messrs. Editors: Having numerous applications for the recipe for making Blackberry Wine, and as the season will soon be at hand for preparing it, I must ask the favor of you to insert it in the *Mirror*.

I believe the public was first indebted to the Rev. Richard Johnson, then of Beaufort, now of Atlanta, Georgia, for the recipe, which he introduced from Virginia, fifteen or twenty years ago. By following the recipe, any family can readily prepare, at a trifling cost, a supply for use in case of sickness, as it will be found superior to most Port wine. The spices will give an aroma, and impart flavor to the wine, which will be pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Yours, truly,

WILLIAM SUMMER.

RECIPE TO MAKE BLACKBERRY WINE.—To every three pints of berries add one quart of water; suffer it to stand twenty-four hours, strain through a cullender, then through a jelly bag, and to every gallon of the juice add three pounds of good brown sugar, the white of two eggs beaten to a froth, and stirred in the juice; a little spice, with two dozen cloves beaten together, and one nutmeg grated, should be put in a small linen bag and dropped in. After all are mixed, put it in a stone jug, filled up, and kept full with some of the same juice reserved for that purpose, until it is done working, which will be in two or three weeks. Cork it tightly and keep it in a cold place, for three or four months, then pour it off into bottles, with a little loaf sugar in each bottle, cork and seal close. If the wine is kept for twelve months, it will still be better, and it will continue to improve with age.

INGENUOUS RASCALITY.—A wine merchant in Paris recently received a note as follows:

Sir: For some time you have been robbed, at retail; we have now resolved to rob you by wholesale. I hereby notify you that, to-morrow night, should you not adopt measures to prevent it, your cellar will be entirely drained.

"Secure!" cried the merchant, and he loaded his pistols, and at the appointed night descended into the cellar, and seated himself between two wine casks. Everything in the cellar remained safe, but on returning home in the morning, he found every room in his house rifled, and all his plate, money, and clothes purloined. The thieves had persuaded him to take care of his cellar while they should rob his house.

HIVINO BEES.—A chap out in Louisiana, recently took a notion for a bath in an inviting stream, which flowed through a field he was engaged in ploughing, and divesting himself of his clothes for the purpose hung his unmentionables upon the limb of a locust tree, hard by. He had luxuriated for some half hour, and swam back to his starting point, when he perceived a bevy of young damsels approaching with their flower-baskets. He scampered up the bank and into his breeches, but alas! unhappy man; not soon enough. They were occupied. A small colony of bees were in possession. He reports that he got home; but how, he knows not. 'Thinks he ran' knows he hallooed, and is sure the girls laughed. His friends found in his pantaloons a number of dead bees, some angry ones, and the biggest half of a very sore youth.—*Worcester Transcript*.

Jubilee in Virginia.

The Democrats of Fredericksburg, Virginia, had a brilliant celebration on the 13th, of the late great victory in that State. Letters were received from the President, from Mr. Dobbin, Mr. Wise, Mr. Tyler, and others. We give below the letters of President Pierce and Mr. Secretary Dobbin:

WASHINGTON, June 11, 1855.
Gentlemen:—I shall be constrained by official engagements, to deny myself the pleasure of participating in the proposed celebration at Fredericksburg on the 13th inst., but I beg to present my hearty congratulations upon the late signal triumph of sound principles and manly sentiments in the "Old Dominion."

Pre-eminently prominent as the sons of Virginia have been, from the commencement of the Revolution, for their bold advocacy of the cause of freedom—for their consistent and patriotic devotion to the only principle upon which a government, constituted like ours, can be sustained, it may well be doubted whether they have ever achieved for themselves more distinguished honor than in the late election, or have ever rendered a higher service to this Union.

If political heresies and religious intolerance could have shaken and carried the stronghold of that party, upon the faithfulness, patriotism, intelligence and courage of which the country has been obliged mainly to rely in every period of serious danger, whether arising from foreign arms or domestic dissensions, it would have been the occasion, if not of discouragement, yet of profound regret and sorrow, to those who revere the constitution under which, as a nation, we have attained such amazing advancement, and have realized socially results so unexampled in the history of the human race.

The proud elevation on which the Commonwealth of Virginia now stands is freely recognized and deservedly honored from one extremity of the Union to the other.

With my best wishes for a joyous gathering, worthy of such a State and such a triumph, you will please to accept my cordial thanks for your kind invitation.

I am gentlemen, with high respect, your obliged fellow-citizen.
FRANKLIN PIERCE.
Messrs. Eustace Conway, J. G. Gallaher, A. K. Phillips, and S. G. Daniel, Committee.

Economy in feeding Horses and Mules.

When corn sells at dollar and a quarter a bushel a planter has a pretty strong inducement to study economy in feeding his horses and mules. The writer has recently been experimenting a little in the way of testing the relative value of boiled and dry corn for the nourishment of a working horse. The result is a gain by boiling, varying from 20 to 25 per cent. We had rather feed four bushels of soaked and partly cooked corn than five bushels of the grain dry, particularly where one has very little hay or straw, blades, or other "roughages," to give with the corn.

It is well worth while to heat water boiling hot, and pour it over cut feed and ground grain to facilitate the extraction of their alimentary properties in the stomachs of working animals. It is not enough to fill the digestive apparatus with coarse forage, or the seeds of cereals, if we would secure the best attainable results for the food consumed. It must be so prepared as to yield up its life-sustaining virtues in a speedy and perfect manner. As a general thing, grain fed to horses is quite imperfectly digested, so much so, indeed, that not a few hogs and cows in and near villages and cities, subsist mainly on the droppings of horses that travel the streets.

Over 60 per cent. of corn is starch which is insoluble in cold water, and not very soluble in juices of the stomach. By boiling or baking, starch is transformed into a kind of gum which dissolves readily in water, and is easy of digestion. If grain keeps up to anything like the present market price it will soon be as common to bake bread for horses as for men. Unlike the ox, the horse has a small simple stomach; and there is not an argument in favor of cooking food for persons that does not apply to its equal preparations for horses. Scotch farmers have been some years in the practice of baking bread for their plough teams when the stomach, and is given a fatigued animal the maximum of time to lie down on a good bed and rest. This kind of feed, designed to make good blood, and a plenty of it, does not supersede the necessity of cut hay, fodder, or straw, whose bulk is important for the due expansion and vigorous action of the digestive organs.

Our practice is to boil corn some three or four hours, and salt it about as much as for hominy or bread. It swells to twice its original volume, which is no inconsiderable advantage. Horses fed mostly on green rye, barley, corn, clover, or lucerne do best when a part of the water in such succulent plants is dried out before they are eaten. Even cows giving milk like half cured new hay better than perfectly green grass. A young corn plant two feet or so in height, has about 90 parts of water in 100 of its stem and leaves. This fact does not prevent its being nutritive at that early stage of its growth, for it has very little wood, or woody fibre, which is indigestible. Dry matured plants yield their nutritive elements sparingly to horses, as compared with oxen and other ruminants.

Corn alone is too heavy feed for both horses and oxen; and among the thousand and one inventions for crushing and grinding corn in the ear, we doubt whether there is anything equal to the "Little Giant Corn and Cob Mills," advertised by Messrs. Carmichael & Dean, in the pages of this journal. Large experience in feeding corn and cob meal has demonstrated its economical value. The cobs do not yield any notable amount of positive sustenance; but they serve to render all nutritive elements in the corn available for the support of life; and where fodder is scarce as it now is, crushed cobs, if sound and not weathered, mix admirably with pure meal.

To work poor mules, oxen, and horses, or waste their expensive food, is bad economy; and one way to keep teams poor is to use dull, worthless ploughs and harrows, which require man and beast to go three times over a field to effect a degree of tillage which, with really good implements, might have been better done at one ploughing or harrowing. Every step in agriculture ought to tell; but it can not, with bad tools, and badly kept working cattle and servants.—*Southern Cultivator*.